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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon, &c. By M. A. Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. 8vo, Vols. I. and II. London, Colburn, Chapman and Hall.

DURING a parliamentary recess, with plenty of room in the great broad-side newspapers, the publication of such a book as this was sure to attract much attention, and be largely quoted. M. Thiers' history has by this means already become familiar to the majority of readers; and so many of its most striking passages have been Timed and Chronicled and Posted that we may spare ourselves the trouble of a long review; and be content to state our impressions in the briefest manner.

The work is very well translated, reads well in English, and is as clear as in the clear original, and free from gallicisms. The promised historical introduction is postponed till the appearance of the third volume; and public archives and private sources have been made patent to the researches of the author, so that his account of these mighty movements and events is not limited to matters already known, or advanced on insufficient grounds. Still it may be doubted whether the period has yet arrived when a frank and candid history of the first fifteen years of the present century can be written and published, even supposing the writer to be possessed of all the information that could be furnished for its illustration, and be also unprejudiced and impartial in his own mind. M. Thiers, however, is one of the *glores parus*, and his views cannot by possibility be unbiased. His preceding *History of the French Revolution* afforded proof of this; and his new work does not, as a sequel, depart from the model of its precursor. The same phantom-word *GLOIRY*, the curse of France, is still the *ignis fatuus* as far as nationality is concerned; and General Bonaparte is the Demigod to be identified with that word of fear and evil. Every action of his career is glorified, and wonderful as he truly was, he is made still more prodigious in the page of his panegyrist. His departure from Egypt may be cited as a sample of the apologist and justifier. After his evasion we are told:—

"Regret for home is a passion which becomes violent when the distance and the novelty of places, and fears founded on the uncertainty of return, concur to irritate it. In Egypt, this passion frequently burst forth in murmurs, sometimes in suicide. But the presence of the commander-in-chief, his language, his incessant activity, dispelled these gloomy vapours. Well knowing how to occupy himself, and how to occupy others, he captivated their minds to the highest point, and either dissipated around him, or prevented the generation of, those irksome feelings to which he was altogether a stranger. The men often said to themselves that they should never see France again, that they should never recross the Mediterranean, especially now that the fleet had been destroyed at Aboukir; but General Bonaparte was there; with him they could go anywhere, find their way back to their country, or

make a new country for themselves. With his departure, the aspect of things was totally changed. The intelligence of it came, therefore, like a thunderbolt. The most opprobrious epithets were applied to this departure. They did not consider that irresistible impulse of patriotism and ambition, which, on the news of the disasters of the Republic, had urged him to return to France. They perceived only the forlorn state in which he left the unfortunate army, which had felt sufficient confidence in his genius to follow him. They said to themselves that he must then have convinced himself of the imprudence of that enterprise, of the impossibility of its success, since he had run away, and relinquished to others what seemed to him thenceforward impracticable. But to sneak off alone, leaving beyond sea those whom he had thus compromised, was cruelty, nay cowardice, said some traducers; for he always had some, and very near to his person, even in the most brilliant epochs of his career."

The famous despatch, descriptive of the miserable condition of the army he had left,* is summarily disposed of:

"General Kléber and Poussielgue, the administrator, stated that the army, diminished by one half, was at this moment reduced to about 15,000 men; that it was nearly naked, which in that climate was extremely dangerous on account of the difference of temperature between day and night; that they were in want of cannon, muskets, projectiles, powder, all which things it was difficult to replace, because cast iron, lead, timber for building, and materials for making gunpowder, were not to be had in Egypt; that there was a considerable deficit in the finances, for the sum of 4,000,000 (of francs) was due to the soldiers for pay, and 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 to the contractors for various supplies; that the resource of levying contributions was already exhausted, the country being ready to rise if new ones were imposed; that, the inundation having been scanty this year, and the crops being thus likely to

* In this way: "In August 1799, Gen. Bonaparte, being decided by news from Europe to leave Egypt suddenly, ordered Admiral Ganteaume to send out of the harbour of Alexandria the frigates *La Muiron* and *La Carrière*, the only ships left after the destruction of the fleet, and to cast anchor in the little roadstead of the Marabout. It was there, about two leagues westward of Alexandria, that he purposed to embark. He took with him Generals Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Androsy, Marmont, and the two men of science, to whom he was more attached than to any of the others belonging to the expedition, Monge and Berthollet. On the 23d of August (5th Fructidor, year vii.) he proceeded to the Marabout, and precipitately embarked, in constant apprehension lest the English squadron should make its appearance. The horses on which the party rode thither, being left upon the beach, galloped back to Alexandria. The sight of these horses, completely addled, but without riders, excited a sort of alarm; it was supposed that some accident had befallen some of the officers of the garrison, and a detachment of cavalry was despatched from the entrenched camp. Presently a Turkish groom, who had been present at the embarkation, explained what had happened; and Menou, who alone had been initiated into the secret, made known in Alexandria the departure of Gen. Bonaparte, and the appointment which he had made of General Kléber to succeed him. The latter had an appointment to meet him at Rosetta on the 23d of August, but Gen. Bonaparte was so hurried to embark that he had gone the day before." His devoted army!!

prove deficient, the Egyptians would be alike destitute of the means and the will to pay the tax; that dangers of all kinds threatened the colony." * * * And "Kléber added, that the commander-in-chief had seen the crisis approaching, and this was the real motive for his precipitate departure. M. Poussielgue concluded his report with a calumny; General Bonaparte, when he left Egypt, had, he said, carried away two millions. To complete this picture, it should be known that General Bonaparte had heaped favours on M. Poussielgue."

And on the same subject the English Government is thus misrepresented (one of the multitude of instances in which M. Thiers commits similar injustice):—

"Believing that the French army was reduced to the last extremity, it lost no time in sending off an express order not to grant any capitulation, unless they surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Mr. Dundas even made use, in his place in parliament, of odious expressions. 'An example,' said he, 'must be made of that army, which, in a time of profound peace, has dared to invade the dominions of one of our allies: the interests of mankind require that it should be destroyed.' This language was barbarous; it displays the violence of the passions which then filled the hearts of the two nations. The English cabinet had taken literally the exaggerations of Kléber and of our officers; it considered the French as reduced to submit to any conditions that might be imposed upon them; and, not foreseeing what was passing, it had the imprudence to give positive orders to Lord Keith, the admiral commanding in the Mediterranean, not to sign any capitulation but on the express condition that the French troops should become prisoners of war."

We would ask, what there was "odious" and "barbarous" in the language which spoke of destroying an army, simply and obviously in the sense of making the troops prisoners of war? How could a French author, with all the slaughters of twenty years committed by his countrymen, and related by himself, venture on so unfounded a charge?

But we will not dwell on generalities or evoke argument. It will better suit our page to pick out what may rather be considered as private and personal characteristics. Thus, for example, we find M. Thiers painting portraits of men who flourished in these days, when the revolution of the 18th Brumaire had terminated the existence of the Directory.

"Sieyès, who had never worn a sword, was almost the equal of General Bonaparte; so great is power of mind, even unaccompanied by the talents which render it useful or applicable. But now that it was necessary to lend a hand to business, Sieyès, who was indolent, peevish, obstinate in his ideas, irritated or upset by the slightest contradiction, could not long vie in influence with his young colleague, who was capable of working night and day, whom no contradiction ruffled, who was abrupt but not testy, who could win the goodwill of men when he pleased, and who, at any rate, when he neglected to do so, had always the alternative of carrying his point by force."

Bernadotte, &c.—"The stanch revolutionists, beaten at St. Cloud, still had partisans in the Society of the Riding House (Manège), as it was called, and in similar societies in different parts of France. They had at their head few of the leading men of the two assemblies: but they numbered among them some officers highly esteemed in our armies: Bernadotte, a man of moderate abilities, and of a vain and ambitious disposition; Augereau, a brave soldier, supremely unreasonable, and luckily possessing but little influence; lastly, Jourdan, a good citizen and a good general, whose military miscarriages had soured his temper, and thrown him into an exaggerated opposition."

"M. Maret, since Duke of Bassano, who became secretary to the consuls, with the title of secretary of state. Charged to prepare for the consuls the elements of their labour, frequently to draw up their resolutions, and to communicate them to the heads of different departments, to keep the secrets of the state, he had a kind of ministry, destined sometimes to make up for, to complete, or to control the others. A cultivated mind, a certain acquaintance with Europe, with which he had already negotiated, particularly at Lisle, with Lord Malmesbury, a tenacious memory, a fidelity not to be shaken, caused him to become one of the most serviceable and most constantly employed fellow-labourers of General Bonaparte. In those who served him, the General preferred exactness and intelligence to brilliancy. It is a partiality common to superior geniuses, which desire to be comprehended and obeyed, but want no substitute. Such was the secret of the high favour also enjoyed by M. Berthier for twenty years. M. Maret, though far from equalling him, had, in civil affairs, some of the merits displayed by the illustrious chief of the staff in his military career."

Lucien Bonaparte.—"The partisans of General Bonaparte could not speak of this device of the Grand Elector without inveighing against it; and among them Lucien Bonaparte, who alternately crossed or served the head of his family, but always capriciously, without consistency or discretion; sometimes acting the part of a brother, passionately promoting the greatness of his brother; at others, the citizen hostile to despotism, Lucien Bonaparte declaimed with violence against the plan of M. Sieyès. He loudly declared that there needed a president of the Republic, a Council of State, and very little more; that the country was tired of babblers, and wanted only men of action. These inconsiderate speeches were of a nature to produce the most mischievous effect; but fortunately, no great importance was attached to the words of Lucien."

"Kléber was the handsomest man in the army. His lofty stature, his noble countenance, expressing all the pride of his soul, his valour at once intrepid and cool, his quick and solid intelligence, rendered him a most formidable commander on the field of battle. His mind was brilliant, original, but uncultivated. He read incessantly and exclusively Plutarch and Quintus Curtius; there he sought the food of great souls, the history of the heroes of antiquity. He was capricious, indocile, and a grumbler. It was said of him, that he liked not either to command or to obey; and this was true. He obeyed under General Bonaparte, but not without murmuring; he sometimes commanded, but in the name of another; under General Jourdan, for example, assuming the command by a sort of inspiration amidst the battle, exercising it like a superior captain, and, after the victory, resuming his character

of lieutenant, which he preferred to any other. Kléber was licentious in his manners and language, but upright, disinterested, as men were in those days, for the conquest of the world had not yet corrupted their dispositions.

"Desaix was the reverse in almost every respect. Simple, bashful, nay, somewhat awkward, his face hid by a profusion of hair, he had not the look of a soldier. But, heroic in action, kind to the soldiers, modest with his comrades, generous to the vanquished, he was adored by the army and by the people conquered by our arms. His solid and eminently cultivated mind, his intelligence in war, his application to his duties, and his disinterestedness, made him an accomplished model of all the military virtues; and, while Kléber, indocile, refractory, could not endure any superior authority, Desaix was obedient, as though he had not known how to command. Under a rough exterior, he concealed a soul ardent and susceptible of enthusiasm."

He fell at Marengo, the victory of which he achieved on the very same day that Kléber was assassinated in Cairo. Bonaparte esteemed the latter, but had an affection for the former.

The new rulers of France having been installed, it seems as if an accident had at the very outset determined the precedence and power of Bonaparte, pointing, like the witches in *Macbeth*, the way he had made up his resolution and was predestined to go.

"On the very day that the three provisional consuls removed to the Luxembourg, they met to deliberate on the most urgent affairs of the state. It was the 11th of November, 1799 (20th of Brumaire). It was necessary to choose a president; the age and position of M. Sieyès seemed to call him to that distinction; but Roger-Ducos, though his friend, as if carried away by the feeling of the moment, said to General Bonaparte, 'Take the arm-chair, and let us deliberate.' Bonaparte immediately complied. The official acts of the provisional consuls, however, made no mention of a president."

Sieyès was now employed to produce one of his pigeon-hole constitutions, and Roger-Ducos being a nonentity, the ambitious designs of Bonaparte were gradually unfolded. Sieyès' constitution-mongering is whimsically painted:

"He had arrived at last at the Venetian aristocracy, constituted for the benefit of the men of the Revolution, since it attributed, for ten years, to those who had exercised functions since 1789, the privilege of figuring by right in the lists of notability; and he purposed, moreover, to reserve for himself and for three or four principal personages of the day the faculty of composing, for the first time, all the bodies of the state. But aristocracy is not to be created off-hand; despotism alone is. That harassed society could not find repose but in the arms of a powerful chief. In this extraordinary constitution, every thing was admired, every thing admitted—every thing excepting the grand elector, with his magnificent income, and apparently nothing to do. In his stead was substituted an energetic and active chief, General Bonaparte; and, by the change of a single spring, this constitution was destined, without any participation of its author, to lead to the imperial despotism, which, with a conservative senate, with a mute legislative body, we have seen governing France for fifteen years, in a glorious but arbitrary manner."

The parties soon quarrelled:

"General Bonaparte was, under the impression of the reports made to him concerning the grand elector, inactive, and liable to be absorbed by the senate; M. Sieyès was soured by the

condemnatory expressions which were attributed to the general, and which had been, no doubt, exaggerated. They met in the worst humour, did nothing but disagree, and used the bitterest language to one another. M. Sieyès, who needed composure for explaining his ideas, did not develop them on this occasion with sufficient clearness and coherence. General Bonaparte, on his part, was abrupt and impatient. They inveighed against each other, and parted almost at enmity."

At last, however, a sort of plan was produced, and Bonaparte and his colleague proclaimed, "*The Revolution is finished*," and then came the scramble for place and pelf; for they had some seven or eight hundred offices and appointments to dispose of.

"General Bonaparte, upon whom it devolved to appoint the agents of the executive power, as well as Messrs. Sieyès, Roger-Ducos, Cambacérès, and Lebrun, who were entrusted with the selection of the members of the senate (who again, in their turn, had to choose the members of the legislative body and the tribunate), were beset by solicitations from every quarter. The applicants sought to be appointed either senators or members of the legislative body, tribunes, councillors of state, or prefects; and really these important posts, all conferring handsome emoluments, and all to be filled up at once, were calculated to tempt the ambitious. Many fiery revolutionists, enemies of the 18th Brumaire, were already wonderfully appeased. Many of those waverers, who only make up their minds after success, were beginning to express their sentiments aloud. There was at that time, as there always is, an expression of the day, which depicted to a nicety the state of the public mind. 'We must speak out' (*il faut se montrer*), were words in every mouth; 'we must shew that, far from wishing to throw fresh obstacles in the way of the new government, we are, on the contrary, ready to assist in overcoming those which surround it;' which, in reality, meant that the speaker was anxious to attract the notice of the five personages who had all the patronage in their hands. Among the applicants there were even some who, to secure their appointment to the tribunate, promised their zealous support to the consular government, although they had beforehand made up their minds to pursue towards it a system of vexatious annoyance. In revolutions, when the fire of the passions begins to burn low, cupidity may be seen to succeed violence, and the terror of the spectator is almost suddenly changed into disgust. Were it not that deeds of lofty virtue and heroic actions covered with their lustre the sad details; and especially, were it not that the vast and beneficial results which nations derive from social revolutions compensated for the present evil by an immensity of good to come, we might well turn our eyes from the spectacle which they present to the world; but they are the trials to which Providence subjects human society for its regeneration, and we ought, therefore, to study with care, and, if possible, with advantage, the scene alternately repulsive and sublime."

Events proceeded; the tribunate became troublesome; and other incidents interfered with or threatened the gradually consolidating power of Bonaparte. The way in which he carried forward his usurpation, and bent the necks of all in succession to his yoke, is ably told. Among the rest was the subjugation or pacification of La Vendée; and whilst thousands came into the growing control of the consul, yet one or two remained firm to their principles:—

"Georges Cadoudal alone withstood this high influence. When he was conducted to the Tuileries, the aide-de-camp ordered to introduce him conceived such apprehensions from his look, that he deemed it unsafe to shut the door of the first consul's cabinet, and went every now and then to steal a glance at what was passing. The interview was long. In vain General Bonaparte addressed the words 'native country and glory' to the ears of Georges; in vain he held out even the bait of ambition to the heart of that fierce champion of the civil war; he had no success, and he felt convinced himself that he had failed when he looked at the face of his visitor. Georges, on leaving him, set out for England with M. Hyde de Neuville. Several times, when giving his fellow-traveller an account of this interview, he exclaimed, shewing his vigorous arms, 'What a blunder I committed in not strangling that fellow!'"

Had he, indeed, played this political Hercules, what a difference to the world! But we must now conclude; and we do so with M. Thiers' estimate of Mr. Pitt, who was not, any more than Georges, to be cajoled into a dangerous peace, even by the arts of Bonaparte:—

"War suited the passions and the interests of Mr. Pitt. This celebrated head of the British cabinet had made the war with France his mission, his glory—the foundation of his political existence. If peace became necessary, he should, perhaps, be obliged to retire. He brought to the conflict that obstinacy of character which, combined with his rhetorical talents, had made him a powerful, but not very enlightened statesman."

A Verbatim Report of the Proceedings at a Special General Meeting of the Members of the British Archaeological Association, held at the Theatre of the Western Literary Institution, 5th March, 1845. Pp. 32. London, J. R. Smith.

THIS verbatim report of the meeting (the result of which we stated in the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 8th March) has the merit of entire fidelity; and will therefore lay before the members of the Archaeological Association, and the public at large, a true statement of all that is alleged by the portion of the Central Committee which adopted this step, in order, if possible, to extricate affairs from the miserable confusion into which they had fallen. The chairman's plain and lucid exposition of what had taken place will be perused with much interest, as it puts the whole matter on the real ground, and exhibits the growth of the contention from its first germ to its latest rupture. Every one can, therefore, form his own judgment on the case; for we do not understand that the other side deny any of these facts.

There is an introduction by Mr. Wright, written in a gentlemanly tone, from which we select the following passages, as throwing some further light on the subject:

"At that meeting I abstained altogether from speaking, because I could not have spoken without alluding to matters of personal feeling, which I, as much as any one, wished to avoid introducing in proceedings where calmness and regularity were so much to be desired. Since that, a circular has been issued containing statements so disingenuous and garbled, that I am not sorry to have an opportunity of saying something in my own defence, in addition to the very fair, I may say indulgent, statement made by Mr. Pettigrew in his address to the members assembled at the general meeting. It is not without reluctance that I even attempt to defend myself in a question so paltry and frivolous, as that relating to the 'Archæological Journal'

and the 'Archæological Album.' It is a matter of astonishment to me, that it should ever have been made a subject of discussion in a society of gentlemen; and I cannot therefore believe that it is the 'only point at issue.' As it has been stated by Mr. Pettigrew and by Mr. Way, I edited the Journal of the Association during its first year,—that is, I performed the drudgery of an editor without having the credit of being the editor (for it was not known even to all the members of the Central Committee), and without any remuneration. I undertook this work, certainly most disinterestedly, because it appeared the only means of ensuring method and regularity of publication. It is perfectly well known that the Journal was put forth as edited by a sub-committee. * * * I feel surprised that a gentleman, or a body of gentlemen, should venture to state in print that any one is receiving 'a considerable salary,' without even knowing that there is any salary at all. What the similarity in the title is I do not know; a Journal of an Association and an Album are certainly different things. My publication is literally an Album; it consists of essays written by myself alone; and although for convenience published in six parts, the volume when completed will have no appearance of having been published otherwise than as an annual volume. * * *

Mr. Pettigrew's statement gives the outline of the subsequent proceedings. My impression is, that they were characterised by hostility to the 'Album' more than by apprehension for the 'Journal.' When, after the subject had been twice turned out of the Central Committee, the three members of the sub-committee determined to issue a circular against the 'Album,' I was requested to withdraw my name from the title of my own book. The grounds on which Mr. Smith and myself protested, and withdrew from the committee, were, that we had no power of issuing such a circular, that we were compromising the principles of the Association, and that we were insulting the Central Committee, on which we were dependent, by doing what it had virtually decided should not be done. It appeared to us that under such circumstances, with such a protest, all 'precedents' would have led us to lay the matter before a meeting of the Central Committee for decision; but the only answer we could obtain was, 'We are three to two, and will do as we like;' and the circular was issued in spite of the protest. I think it right to state, that I learnt from what had passed in the sub-committee before my arrival, and from what was said in my presence, that the original intention had been to issue a circular, stating, in so many words, that the 'Archæological Album' was a publication not authorised by the Association, which no one could for a moment have taken for any thing else than an official recommendation from the 'Central Committee' to each member of the Association not to buy it. The aim and tendency of our institution is, to unite together in one body all who have any taste for antiquities; and it would truly be a monstrous thing, if such a powerful instrument were used to proscribe particular antiquarian publications which might give umbrage to two or three individuals."

The canvassing of the opposition in the Committee, and the bringing in of faces and votes hitherto unknown, is next plainly recorded—and we read:

"We supposed that the business of the Association was to be carried on at our next meeting in the same friendly manner as formerly. But no sooner had Lord Albert Conyngham turned his back, than the same system of canvassing votes was continued; and our surprise

was not small to see at the following meeting a greater number of new faces than before. A systematic opposition to the gentlemen who had hitherto conducted the affairs of the Association was exhibited on more points than one; and I personally was made the object of a very rude attack, quite unprovoked, and, I think, unmerited. A very uncourtously-worded motion, expelling me from the editing sub-committee, was moved by Mr. Hawkins, and seconded by Mr. Barnewell. My first feeling was to endeavour to secure the peace of the Association by giving way; and I can safely say, that during the whole discussion, under whatever provocation, I did not allow one word of personal feeling to drop from my mouth. But I saw that the only result of my standing aside to avoid the blow was, that it fell on the head of one of my friends and colleagues. I then felt it my duty to stand my ground as long as I could. There was now no longer any room for doubt that a party had been organised to take the direction of the society out of our hands. Mr. Hawkins's resolution was carried by, nominally, a majority of 10 against 6. Mr. Pettigrew has stated that he did not vote, being in the chair; but he has forgotten, and the writer of the circular has not thought it necessary to recollect, that I also was present, and did not vote (from the feeling that I was personally concerned in it); so that, after all, this large majority of which they boast was only 10 against 8. The next person singled out for attack appears to have been Mr. Pettigrew. It is perhaps not generally known among the members of the Association that, in addition to many other good services for which we are indebted to our treasurer, he has kindly given us a room in his own house, during the first year of our existence, as our place of meeting, the amount of our funds until lately not being sufficient to enable us to pay the rent of apartments for that purpose. It would have been too bold to attack Mr. Pettigrew in his own house; it was determined to seek a room elsewhere, and this was done without even the courtesy of communicating on the subject with Mr. Pettigrew himself. We learnt accidentally that an application had been made in the name of the Central Committee to the council of the Art-union for the use of a room. It appears that this was at first assented to, but some difficulties afterwards arising, a room was obtained at the Institute of Civil Engineers, by the means of Mr. Manby, and there the fraction of the old defunct Committee have since held their meetings. * * * On learning what had taken place, and receiving a copy of the resolution, Lord Albert Conyngham sent in his resignation as president, and another special meeting of the Committee was called. It was, however, well known that it was the intention of these gentlemen to accept the president's resignation, in whatever terms it was couched. Mr. Way had stated that the business of the special meeting would be to consider of the choice of another president. When we met, Mr. Pettigrew represented to them how much we were indebted to Lord Albert Conyngham—that he was our first president, and had come forward when we were few in numbers and our success was doubtful—and that he had been an attentive and zealous leader and fellow-labourer in our upward struggle. He suggested measures which, in his opinion, would lead to our president's return, and urged that they should be adopted. The only answer given was evidently a pre-arranged one—"We will not be dictated to!" Mr. Pettigrew then drew out a written resolution, accepting the resignation of the president, with expressions of regret and of

thankfulness for his services, and ending with the hope that his lordship would still reconsider his determination. The gentlemen on the other side immediately moved and carried an amendment, accepting the resignation, but omitting the part which contained the hope that the president would reconsider his determination. This was their 'regret' and 'grateful acknowledgments.' We felt that, under these circumstances, it was useless for us to remain on the committee with such opponents. But we felt also that we had incurred a considerable degree of responsibility towards the body of the Association, and I doubt very much if we should have done our duty in surrendering its money and papers into the hands of men who by their conduct during the first year had not shown great anxiety for its prosperity. It seemed the more honourable course to place ourselves in the hands of the body at large. It is evident that a factious majority (for it was a factious majority) of 12 or 13 persons ought not to be allowed to dictate to a large Association, without any responsibility to the Association itself. There were other reasons which made a general meeting desirable, for we had felt a growing necessity to remodel the constitution of the Association, which had gone through many transformations, without a proportionate modification in its system. * * * I will only add, that the late members of the Central Committee still continue their meetings, and lay claim to be the Central Committee, and have announced a Journal as the continuation of that published under the direction of the Central Committee during the past year. They have also taken various steps to thwart us in our proceedings, which fortunately have not met with much success. Sir Henry Ellis has retired from both parties, on the ostensible plea of a wish to keep neutrality; and Mr. King has gone over to the others, on the ground of not agreeing in the necessity of a general meeting. But, on the other hand, the larger part of the Association acquiesce in the general meeting, and the adhesion of a considerable number of associates, as well as correspondents, has shown that we have nothing to fear. The 'Journal' will be ready for delivery in the course of the month of April, and I have no doubt that it will then be easily seen which is really the Journal of the British Archaeological Association."*

American Facts, &c. By G. Palmer Putnam, Member of several American Societies, and Author of an Introduction to History, &c. Pp. 292. London and New York, Wiley and Putnam.

THIS is a volume very full of miscellaneous and useful information respecting America; and, as the title states, sums up the "Facts," shedding light upon the statistics, governments, manufactures, commerce, religion, arts, literature, education, manners, and customs of the country. It seems to be as fairly done as could be expected from a citizen of the States; for if there be a national bias and *couleur de rose* (as

* It will gratify the adherents to the Committee elected, and the order of things established by the general meeting, to be informed that a fine mummy has been sent from Egypt by Mr. Waghorn, to be unrolled at their next meeting. We are aware that the grumblers chose to denounce a similar act at Canterbury as one of the *mountebanking* proceedings; but we can hardly think that investigations such as have awakened the earnest curiosity of the whole world can be deemed inconsistent with any archaeological pursuits. But even say they are foreign to the immediate objects; we would ask, why so universally interesting a procedure should not be introduced, were it only for an evening's variety and relaxation? Tea and coffee ought also to be proscribed.—*Ed. L. G.*

indeed there must be), they are not carried to that pitch which should make us doubt or disbelieve the statements of the author, or do more than take a little salt with his favouring panorama. In short, we consider it to be a compilation which will convey much intelligence, in the smallest possible compass, to every class of readers.

A distinct map is prefixed, and there are some portraits, transferred hastily by a new process, of which they are not such favourable specimens as we should expect; for the illustrations of the American expedition under Commander Wilkes (frequently noticed by us), and some original productions we have seen at Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's, shew us that the fine arts are rapidly advancing in the United States.

We will not dwell upon gazetteer subjects, but briefly mention a few broad heads.

In 1790, the population was estimated at 3,929,328; in 1840, at 17,062,666, including 2,487,355 slaves, in thirteen of the twenty-six states. The electors are calculated at two and a-half millions, of whom from 150,000 to 200,000 are foreigners, natives of Europe, of whom we are told:

"Compared to the whole, this number is not formidable; but, unfortunately, these 200,000, though nearly all incapable of understanding the nature and peculiarities of a republican government—and with nothing whatever at stake in the national councils—have yet been permitted to enjoy privileges which give them in fact a controlling power in public measures: for their numbers are sufficient to turn the scale of the political parties, and hence they are courted and feared by each party, and they hold the balance entirely in their own hands. The evils arising from this state of things are now beginning to be apparent; and a strong effort is being made, and very properly, to limit the right of suffrage either to natives of the country, or to residents of twenty-one years."

In 1840, "there were 1552 printing-offices, 447 binderies, 138 daily newspapers, 125 semi or tri-weekly, 1141 weekly, 227 periodicals: the whole employing 11,523 persons, and a capital of 10,619,054 dollars. The total amount of capital employed in manufactures of every kind was 267,726,579 dollars, or say fifty-five millions sterling."

About repudiation we shall say nothing; and must refer readers, for the particulars of the various powers of the general and each provincial government, to the details of Mr. Putnam, who places them briefly and clearly before us.

"The chief religious denominations in 1840 were:

| | Churches or Congregations. | Ministers. |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|------------|
| Baptists | 7130 | 4907 |
| Methodists | — | 3506 |
| Presbyterians | 3744 | 2898 |
| Congregationalists | 1300 | 1150 |
| 'Christians' | 1000 | 800 |
| Episcopalians | 950 | 849* |
| Lutherans | 760 | 267 |
| German Reformed | 660 | 180 |
| Roman Catholics | 512 | 545 |
| Friends | 500 | — |
| Universalists | 653 | 317 |
| Unitarians | 200 | 174 |
| Various sects | 306 | — |

We agree with the author in his justly-bestowed praise of the school-books, dictionaries, and encyclopædias of America; and would extend our eulogy to some of her classical editions; and these notices bring us to the congenial topics of her literature and arts. It is gratifying to hear

* "There are twenty-five bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

that "there is scarcely a town of any importance in the Union but has some sort of a public library, reading-room, lyceum, or atheneum. The libraries of the legislatures of the different States are also considerable; and there are many valuable books in the collections of the various scientific and historical societies, to be mentioned presently. There are then, at least, some 800,000 or 900,000 volumes in public collections, mostly well chosen, and placed within the reach of all classes."

The following additional observation is not so worthy of the writer's good sense and tone:

"Are they not (he asks, in a vulgar and flippant style) more adapted to be useful, as far as they go, than two or three times the amount of learned lumber piled in folios and quartos on miles of dusty shelves, and rarely disturbed in their slumbers? But learned lumber is not quite neglected, and many important additions have recently been made to the collections mentioned."

How can important additions be said to be made to *lumber*—in the book way, not in the West India trade?

"There are in nearly all the States historical societies, for collecting and preserving national records, books, coins, &c., especially those relating to the early history of the country. The Historical Society of Massachusetts has published *twenty-seven* volumes of 'Collections'; that of New York, about six volumes; those of Georgia and Ohio, one or two volumes each.

"The addresses at historical commemorations and centenary celebrations,* which are peculiar to the United States, become the means of recording and perpetuating much historical information. Probably there are 500 different pamphlets of this kind. The original archives of other States have been carefully arranged; those of the general government, with the State papers, have been printed in about forty folio volumes; at least 2000 volumes of documents have been printed by Congress and the State legislatures. All these, with the private publication of more than seventy different volumes of American historical memoirs and diplomatic correspondence—among which the writings of Washington, in twelve *expensive octavos*, have been actually sold to the extent of 6500 copies.† These facts should make another qualifying note to Mr. Alison's assertion, that the Americans are 'wholly regardless of historical records and monuments.' * * *

"The promiscuous introduction into the United States of the works of English authors, unrestricted by international laws of copyright, has had the tendency, unquestionably, of checking the progress there of a native literature. It is thought, however, that those who suppose that American literature has thus been utterly extinguished, or that no such thing ever existed, are somewhat in error—or are at least too much influenced by prejudice and incredulity.

"American authors are not always deprived of just remuneration for their writings. The Harpers, of New York, are said to have paid Mr. Prescott 7500 dollars (1500*l.*) for the first edition of his 'Conquest of Mexico,' and to have offered double that sum (which was declined) for the entire copyright. In two years the sale of 'Barnes' Notes,' yielded the author alone

* The *centenaries* of American history must needs be very few, unless the Irish immigrants keep them every tenth year.—*Ed. L. G.*

† Another rather curious historical fact is the sale of 22,000 copies of an octavo volume, by J. Priest, on *American Antiquities*. The demand for some other historical works in the United States has also been definitely ascertained, and is mentioned in the second part of this volume."

more than 5000 dollars. President Day has received more than 25,000 dollars (5000%) for an *Algebra*; and Dr. Webster had about the same sum from a spelling-book (!); and all these yet retained their copyright in future editions. A Philadelphia publisher paid to authors 135,000 dollars in five years. These are certainly peculiar instances; but much more proof could be given, that native literary genius and useful talent are not neglected, but receive a fair amount of encouragement from American publishers and the public."

The writer expresses a hope, indeed an expectation, that a fair international copyright measure will soon be agreed upon between Great Britain and the United States. And it is only right to quote the following passage:

"The number of American books reprinted in England is much greater than is usually supposed, because many a one gives no indication of its origin. 'Who reads an American book?' was asked by the witty Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh*, perhaps twenty years since; and he had no unfriendly doubts. Now, many do read these outlandish books, without being themselves aware of it. In about ten years, the 'London Catalogue' chronicled in the same list their English brethren, the following English reprints from the American:

| | Works. | | Works. |
|-----------|--------|-----------|--------|
| Theology | - 68 | Poetry | - 13 |
| Fiction | - 66 | Ethics | - 11 |
| Juvenile | - 56 | Philology | - 10 |
| Travels | - 32 | Science | - 9 |
| Education | - 41 | Law | - 9 |
| Biography | - 36 | | |
| History | - 22 | Total | 382" |

As we are simply noting the facts most suitable to our columns, we may mention the slight sketches of American authors and their works as among the most agreeable portions of the volume. But these, as well as similar brief particulars connected with the fine arts, we must leave to be consulted in the publication itself, and conclude with one closing illustration of its style and character:—

"Many of the pictures of American society and manners, by British tourists, have been wrongly drawn and coloured in three particulars. They have been taken (far too much for a fair average), 1. from the travelling population; 2. from the large sea-ports, where are centred the poverty and vices of the worst class of European emigrants; 3. from the western and south-western borders and the backwoods—far distant from the older states and more cultivated society—a region yet in a state of fermentation, and shewing its crude and unsettled materials on the surface. It is always better to 'start fair.' The last thing I expect to do is, to prove that society and manners in the 'new world' are universally pure, polished, and unexceptionable. No American of common sense is so presumptuous as that. Let the disagreeable superfluities of tobacco-chewing and spitting be scourged as they deserve, and more than one American will say, Amen! I can sympathise in the most hearty antipathy to such practices, without assuming a self-righteous fastidiousness. Vulgar and rudeness of manners are not necessary consequences of 'free and enlightened republicanism,' or one might well desire less freedom and more civilization. For one, I will not quarrel with the most caustic satire, or with the broadest burlesque, which would hold the mirror up to any American propensity offensive to good manners or good taste, in any way which would cure it. Let the castigation be ever so severe to sensitive nerves—if given in a right spirit, it will do no harm."

"But though there is a want of refinement among the masses which is to be lamented, and though their manners and customs might graze roughly against the fastidiousness of one accustomed to the more quiet, dignified, and polished circles among the wealthy of the old world—and though this noted sin of 'expectation' is so offensive and so prevalent in certain quarters—I still maintain that the English popular pictures of American popular manners represent the whole subject about as fairly as the 'fore and aft' passengers of a Thames steamer on a Sunday would represent English society: life in Bethnal-green, or Spital-fields, or Billingsgate, would just as truly be life in London."

"The rush to the dinner-table in hotels and steamers, and the almost equally rapid rush away from it, are justly lashed by foreigners, and are far too peculiarly American habits. Let such habits be dosed till cured. The eager mechanic or man of business is unfortunately apt to be governed by the hurrying principle, even at his meals; and more quiet people are too prone to fall into the ranks; for in this age of screw-propellers no one likes to be the last."

"A common English charge against Americans is that of excessive love of money, inordinate greediness for gain. There is, doubtless, too much of this. Dollars are sought for and talked about. The people of all grades find dollars useful; they think of them, work for them, plan out schemes on large and small scales for obtaining them; with many, indeed, this is the chief occupation: and dollars have been discussed in drawing-rooms, sometimes—much to the detriment of good taste. This spirit and practice is changing, however; and, it is to be hoped, will be radically cured."

And to sum up, according to our authority, who distinctly affirms:—"1. That the substantial, thriving, and intelligent population of the United States, is essentially that part which is purely American—natives of the country, or descendants of the founders of the nation. 2. That four-fifths of the crime, poverty, and disorder, and of the causes of bad faith, belong to the population which Europe has bestowed upon us within the last thirty years. Americans must work out the cure of this evil; and while their country may yet be a home for the oppressed of all nations, they may, with their own artist-poet, say of England—

"All hail, thou noble land!

Our fathers' native soil!

While the manners, while the arts,

That mould a nation's soul

Still cling around our hearts,

Between let ocean roll;

And still from either bench

The voice of blood shall reach,

More audible than speech—

'We are one!'"

The Prime Minister; an Historical Romance.

By W. H. G. Kingston, author of "The Circassian Chief," &c. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

The wild interest and power exhibited in the *Circassian Chief* were enough to recommend any new work by the author to a favourable audience; and if he has not in the present instance gratified us so much, we cannot attribute it to any want of ability, but, as we think, to the choice of subject. The manners and habits of Portugal a century ago offer few attractions to the English reader; and thus bar-

* "Remember this is in promiscuous *tables d'hôte* of public conveyances and hotels. We are inclined to believe that American private life is somewhat different."

ren, no story that could be invented to bring them into play and description would operate on curiosity to the extent needed for the success of novel or romance.

Another mistake of Mr. Kingston appears to us to be, that he has mingled his fiction with nice questions of historical character; the two being utterly unfit to be investigated or discussed together. He tells us, that the late *Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal*, by Mr. Smith (the secretary to his descendant, the Marquis of Saldanha: see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1352), are partial and incorrect; and, accordingly, he differs much from that gentleman's account of the great minister's actions. To put them in a true light, Mr. K. has sought among MSS. both in private families and in the fine public library at Oporto; of which he says, it "is established in a large building, formerly the Convent of St. Lazaro, the principal room vying in size and elegance with any of which the first cities in Europe can boast. There are also numerous other apartments, occupying the entire floor of the edifice, now crowded with books, which it will take many years to arrange." Important documents in our State-paper Office have also been consulted by both writers; and Mr. K. observes on their difference of opinion:

"To excuse the barbarous executions of some of the first nobility in Portugal, Mr. Smith says, that some of equal cruelty have taken place in France and Germany. To shew that the complaints made by the victims of the minister's iron policy, who crowded the prisons, were unjust, he cites a memoir, in manuscript, written in prison by the unfortunate Marquis d'Alorna, who, he says, makes querulous complaints of not having his linen changed sufficiently often, though he had frequent intercourse with his family. I have perused an exact copy of the MS. Mr. Smith has seen, if not the identical one. In it, the unhappy marquis speaks indignantly of the dark, narrow, and damp cell which was his abode in the Janguiera prison for many years, he being scarcely supplied with the common necessities of life; while the marchioness was confined in some other equally wretched place, separated from her children, who were distributed in different convents. The husband states that he received one letter from his wife written with her left hand, she having lost the use of her right side from a rheumatic complaint, brought on by the dampness of her lodging. A year or so afterwards another reached him, written by holding the pen in her mouth, she having then lost the use of both her hands. This was the sort of free intercourse the minister allowed, and, it must be remembered, neither were found guilty of any crime. The marquis mentions the history of many of his fellow-prisoners, several of whom died in prison; and, he states, after some years' confinement, by means of bribes, they were able to obtain some communication with their friends from without. In the body of the work will be found many details from the MS. I have spoken of. Mr. Smith does not inform his readers, when mentioning the outbreak at Oporto, in consequence of the formation of the obnoxious wine company, that not only the wine-sellers rose up in arms, but that the wine-growers, who, it was pretended, were to be benefited, marched into Oporto, and demanded its abolition; nor that, when the troops arrived from Lisbon to quell the revolt, the city was given up to their unbridled license, the chief magistrate and sixteen principal citizens having been executed, while the prisons were crowded with others. Once established, with its blood-stained charter, a post in the company was con-

sidered one of the most valuable rewards the minister could bestow for services performed for him, his own immense fortune having been acquired, indirectly, through that very company. Mr. Smith affirms that the wealth to which the minister's eldest son succeeded was left him by various members of his family; but, as his family were universally known to be poor, such it is difficult to believe was the case. Mr. Beckford, in his *Diary in Portugal*, laughs at the young count, for having endeavoured, during the whole course of a morning visit, to persuade him that his father had never attempted to amass a fortune. Pombal, on retiring from office, left the treasury rich; but that is no proof that he had not taken care to supply his own chests by any means which he considered justifiable. One can scarcely wonder at his acting as was so generally the custom. The aim of these *Memoirs of Pombal* is to throw a halo of glory over his life and actions, of which he was undeserving. The minister is compared in them, as he was fond of comparing himself, to Sully. I do not make these observations unjustly to depreciate this work; but that I may not be accused of unfairly portraying a man whose really great qualities I duly appreciate; nor have I described him as performing one action that is not well authenticated. I am not a greater friend to the system of the Jesuits than is Mr. Smith; but do not wish to abuse them for the sake of exhibiting the minister in brighter colours. Pombal, like Napoleon, was never prevented from doing what he considered necessary to forward his own views, either political or private, by any laws, human or divine. His motto was, *Quid volo quid jubeo*."

From our having been led to these remarks and quotations, a notion may be formed of the inconsistency to which we have alluded, of conjoining a tale of love and adventure, developing the usual pictures of manners and customs, with an inquiry strictly belonging to an individual, and the history of the country at a period when he had so much influence on its destinies. Setting aside this objection, the story is a various and good story, and lovely donnas and chivalrous knights, and proud *fidalgos*, and duennas, and priests, and robbers, and kings, and courtiers, figure away in it through all the mazes of uncertain life, Pombal enacting the principal part, and the grand earthquake being a prominent feature. Altogether, the leisure time bestowed in reading it will not be ill spent; for it recalls foreign scenes of the past with a degree of talent which does not fail to impress them on the memory: so that we may truly say there is both amusement and information.

The History of the Rabbis, the Ribs, and the Rabs; with an Account of the Trinity Brethren, or the Rabbi-Rib-Rabs; and a Short Notice of the Rubs. By Grotius Gallipotius, Historiographer to the Royal Colleges. Pp. 88. London, S. Gilbert.

THE anomalous and complicated position of the medical fraternity in the metropolis could not be better exposed than by that ridicule which it so richly deserves. The very different character of the bills laid before Parliament by the Secretary for the Home Department last session and this sufficiently testify to the inutility of any attempt at legislative interference, without a thorough cleansing of the Augean stable. While in Scotland and Ireland there are only two branches of the profession, the physician and surgeon, or surgeon-apothecary, there are in London physicians (Rabbis), pure surgeons (Ribs), apothecaries (Rabs), chymists (Rubs), general practitioners (Rabbi-Rib-Rabs), and

general practitioners and chymists (Rabbi-Rib-Rab-Rubs).

An accumulation of old and useless privileges, which have deprived the physician and surgeon of the right of dispensing the medicines which they prescribe, has caused this absurd breaking-up of professional entities; and so framed it, that the cockney is beset by upwards of half-a-dozen different claimants to the management of his physical troubles.

Physicians and surgeons, in order to practise a subordinate department of the profession, were obliged to become apothecaries; hence the origin of physician-apothecaries and surgeon-apothecaries; and when these combined together to form themselves into a Royal College of General Practitioners, either the climax of absurdity was reached, or it was shewn that a useless trinity existed where unity alone was wanted.

Favoured by a variety of clauses and circumstances, the metropolitan corporations had long before discarded all rivalry. A physician at Oxford or Cambridge was not a physician in London. The union of England, Scotland, and Ireland, was true as far as being under one crowned head; a fallacy as regarded medical education.

And yet all these advantages failed to ensure harmony in the metropolis itself. The physician could not supply his patient with medicine; the surgeon could not be a pharmacist; while the apothecary, from the facilities offered to him of advising, bleeding, compounding, and dispensing at the same time, looked upon his collegiate brethren as very learned in Latin and book-knowledge, but totally ignorant of black draughts and life-pills—the arcana of medical science—the Koran of the general practitioner. The apothecary had in reality only one rival, the chymist and druggist, who also boldly tendered his advice across the counter, inevitably followed by a box of pills, a draught, or a lotion. The Pharmaceutical Society was established with a view to rectify this state of things; but it is quite evident that nothing can be done without centralisation, and washing away inconvenient and useless distinctions, founded upon privileges of olden time, and professional habitudes which have become obsolete, except where the spirit of monopoly still flickers in a dying attempt at their maintenance. The New Poor-law, while it has extended the demand for active, intelligent, and educated medical men, to the exclusion of parish-practitioners who assumed duties which they had not time to fulfil, merely to keep a stranger from the already occupied territory—at the same time opened the eyes of statesmen to the important fact, that under the present anomalous and complicated state of things, these were not to be obtained; and whatever may be the amount of opposition offered, or however long the blow may be averted, come it must, from the most imperious necessity; and the great field of medical practice will soon be opened to all soundly educated men alike. At the same time the interests of the public will be secured by penal enactments against all persons practising without the recognised licenses; which can alone ensure harmony in the profession, by giving equal powers to their possessors. As far as the public is concerned, it cannot possibly want any thing more than the physician, the surgeon or surgeon-apothecary, and the chymist and druggist. The mere Rab, and its fustian expansion into Rabbi-Rib-Rab-Rub, is only calculated to lower the dignity and degrade the social position of the college or university-educated professional man.

The author of the little work before us, and which has suggested these few remarks, is, we believe, a physician of rank, and a scholar, yet he treats the subject in a spirit of liberality widely different from that adopted by the gentlemen of the gallipots, who are ever on the look-out for what they designate as intruders and interlopers. The history of the origin of the corporations of the Rabbis and the Ribs is given with infinite truth and humour. There is a vast deal of caustic fun, and some little classical liberties taken (rather strong for the general reader), but no where any ill-nature. Almost every remark has its point; and the account of James Grig, and the ordinary proceedings at the army mortar department is as true as it is constantly repeated. So also of the rivalry of the army mortar representative with rendezvous officer Tank—a rivalry which has long been a subject of ridicule to the profession at large. The assault of the Royal College upon a little Tom-tit is a humorous account of a recent attempt at down-putting.

As a proof of the author's liberality of mind, we make the following extract:

"Let the physician prescribe, the surgeon operate, the apothecary compound," is a maxim that will no longer apply to the condition of the society. What is a real physician? a man who, if he limits himself to prescribing, carries a grave face and empty pockets one half his life, and, for the most part, dies more prematurely than the rest of his fellow-creatures, as if to shew the imperfection of his science. Modelling his life after that of Plutarch's vestal virgin, he divides it into three portions: in the first, he learns the duties of his profession; in the second, he practises them, with little or no profit to himself; and the third, he devotes to teaching the more business-like, and, for the most part, the most prosperous members of the profession, either in consultations, or by books, the results of patient investigation, long study, and philosophical research, all but incompatible with the habits and routine of the early initiated general practitioner of equal talent. A surgeon? An operating physician, and something of an apothecary. An apothecary, or general practitioner? a man who is something of all these, and often a druggist also. Now since the departments are so far connected, that their total separation is impossible, I would not sneer at, but rather laud, that man whose knowledge and industry is capable of grasping the largest share of all these. *He only is ridiculous who prides himself upon a limitation to which he does not adhere.*

"I could never understand the meaning of the phrase, 'grades of the profession.' As it is the province of the priest to probe the leprosy ulcers of the soul, of the lawyer to unravel the intricacies of fraud, so it is that of each sort of doctors to pass life in the contemplation of disease and death in all their appalling aspects.

"To die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,"

were bad enough; but to be immured peripatetically for life in dissecting-rooms, hospitals, lazarettos, sick-chambers, dead-houses, work-houses, and (worst of all) mad-houses, until the thousands of morbid objects it has been our duty to behold—the misery we have no means to alleviate—wrongs we cannot redress—insults we dare not notice—crimes we must not report—diseases we cannot cure—shall have left their impression on our countenances, like that of Ulysses on his return from the shades below; this is, indeed, a proud occupation, and a fine one for a herald master-at-arms to divide into grades!"

We have said enough to shew that the author is a man who thinks clearly, and with a mind disencumbered of weak prejudices, and who speaks in a bold, distinct language. We cannot, at the present moment, recommend his opus-cule to too general a perusal among legislators and members of the medical art, more especially to those who, when they call others interlopers, ought to consider whether they themselves are not as Rabbi-Rib-Rabs—trinity in unity—the monopolisers of the functions of the old-established branches (not grades) of the profession, by the assumption of powers which ought also to belong to their equally if not superiorly educated brethren. The discord, as we have frequently had occasion to point out, does not originate here in the attempt of the higher branches of the profession to domineer over the inferior, but in the inferior being gifted with powers denied to the higher branches; and which hence threatens either to annihilate them altogether, or oblige them in self-defence to become also Rabbi-Rib-Rabs; in other words, by not enjoying the same privileges, to be forced to descend to their level. It can never be the interest of good legislation to support the inferior ranks of a profession against the higher; and it is on this account that we have no apprehensions as to the ultimate results.

A HOT-WATER CURE, SOUGHT OUT IN GERMANY.

[Second notice.]

THOUGH we have, in our last, encroached somewhat on a single volume, we confess we have been so gratified with our companion and guide, that we cannot leave him without reluctance, and another pull at his budget. Of Frankfurt:

"The town is a curious union of old and young—of January and May: a tottering old gentleman of the fifteenth century, who has taken to himself a flashy young wife of the present day. The bride keeps as far away from him as she can; she does not shew herself much below the Ziel, but the old fellow hugs himself in his dirty and faded finery, and seems content with things as they are. I delight in these quaint old gables, curious figures and faces in the little nooks and corners, and especially in the brow-beating houses of the Jews' quarter. What close, stived-up streets—so narrow that you can touch both walls at once: what cages of iron bars to protect their windows: what massive iron shutters and huge padlocks, and iron-bound chests offered for sale, telling of hoards of ducats and golden crowns, when the Frankfort Jew was the wealthiest of the earth! Some of these houses, still bearing evidence of their former splendour in their close quarters, are shut up, or used only as warehouses. They are rusting and rotting away with neglect and dirt. Do me the favour to step this way—that is if you have any feeling for such old places, and can see beauty in the dark deep shadows, where a ray of sunshine looking in seems like a flaming sword—if you have a delicate nose, better remain with the young bride. Step down this street out of the Ziel, nearly opposite the Russian Hotel, where you see a figure at the corner, in an Oriental costume, holding out a pistol. We soon come to a fanciful house on the left, highly ornamented with figures, where the lady affectedly turns her bust away from him with the bird on his shoulder. This has been a palace in its day, though now a warehouse and offices. But this is an affair of a modern date comparatively—the attitudinising shepherds of a hundred years ago. We will go deeper still, pass the open space with the lions' heads, and so through

the Jews' gateway, where they caged them up, rich as they were, and locked them in at night as unclean and pestilent animals too foul to approach but in broad daylight. Deeper still, and out through the gateway with the huge iron chain and padlock hanging to it. See, from under the arch, the painted house-front on the opposite side of the broader street, strewn in its whole length with fruit and vegetables and noisy market-people. Turn along it, to the right, to the red-painted house at the corner, and plunge down the narrow lane. Here the plot thickens. Dirty and close as it is, rich men have lived in this lane. What care they took of their houses, and how curiously they ornamented them! You may see how the facetious carver has given a likeness of some of his Jew customers over their own doors. Go on, and leave the long caravansera with the low balconies on the right—on, under the gateway, to the lower deep beyond. Follow it till you come to the Bull's Head at the corner, with the elaborate iron sign on which the gilding still lingers. What a subject this is, with the fountain on the right, and all the figures crowded about the little place! A famous house was this Bull's Head in days of yore, depend upon it; much frequented, if I am not mistaken, by the convivial old fellows in caps and cloaks edged with fur, and with many rows of buttons on their collarless vests. It is slightly offensive, this little square; but never mind, face the worst at once; take a long sniff, as you would look over a precipice amongst the Alps. Bring up your left shoulder to where the old house has the air of butting the new intruder with his head, and up the narrow way between them. At the top was the old original market-house of the district, with its low black beams, over which the small slates of the roof seem shrivelled up with age. A little eau de Cologne, and down amongst the butchers, where the women sit in boxes, knitting, at the doors, and the meat seems cut up into little bits for fear of filling up the narrow streets. A rump of beef and a fillet of veal could not pass without jostling, or two shoulders of Leicestershire mutton go along arm-in-arm. Bear away to the right after this, to the large open square, and look round it; but first take a peep under the gateway in the corner, where the figures are heaving and bending under the weight of the house. One has got the stomach-ache, and is very bad in the head. He has had enough of it; he seems to say, 'Take me out of this—saw me up; a joke's a joke, but one can't stand it for ever. I don't mind a hundred years or so, but heart of oak can't go on for three or four.' Still a little further beyond the Cupid pump, and here we catch the old houses kissing at last. They have been and done it; the cooper's shop has fairly got his upper story under the old lady's bonnet. This is too bad at their time of life, though it is in a corner. Back to the square, and look at the gaudily painted house; the colours hold on well in spite of frosts and rain; and the next door, carved in wood from top to bottom. This was a great one in its day. Look round the corner, and see his old iron knockers, like crabs, with long spines on them, and the little trap-door with the antique hinges, and the little scraper, as large as an oyster-knife, for the pretty Jessica's little foot. From this take the whole length of the market street to the cathedral; fine bits there are in it all along. If you are for another course of narrow streets, begin at the bottom of the Ziel: turn to the right, and then to the left under the archway. Here you are in the stronghold of the Jews again—strong in every

sense. It is difficult to imagine human habitations so filthy as these. How they live and breathe in such dark holes is a wonder: it is no exaggeration to say that the dirt of centuries is upon these windows. Here lives the mother of the Rothschilds at the age of 99. Nearly at the bottom is a man who offers a goose for sale. It is cut up raw, and spread out attractively upon the shopboard. Few people go the whole goose in this thrifty quarter. A feeble palsied old man is haggling for the bones of the wing—nearly all the flesh has gone with the breast; but few inquire for that expensive luxury; it is meat for their masters. The old man makes an offer for the bones; it is rejected. He takes a long look at them, and turns slowly away. He looks round and repeats the offer. No. He toddles on a bit. He knows well what the chink of the money will do, and comes back with it in his hand. 'Come, split the difference; here are your kreutzers.' 'No.' 'Throw us in a side-bone then.' 'No.' How he handles and twists about the bits of bones! It is no bargain; they differ for a kreutzer or two—the sixtieth part of 1s. 8d. An old woman has come up; she has a fancy for the legs and back; but the merchant hardly condescends to notice her. He has seen a basket under her cloak; he knows she means to have it. All the time she chaffers, he is calling the attention of the passers-by to the yellow fat on the thighs. Such a bird has not been seen in Jews' Street before. Another old woman stops and takes up a leg. This is enough; the first has seized it with her bony fingers, thrown down the money, and away. She looks so happy with her bargain, I suspect she gave him a bad kreutzer."

Returned to Aix: "the steaming, parboiling, rubbing down, douching, and drenching. My old cronies, the cripples, are getting on well; crutches are cheap. More than half of the old set are gone home rejoicing, but the number is pretty well kept up by fresh arrivals."

He, in consequence of a mistake, took Dremel's vapour-bath:

"It is by no means an inviting-looking place. Having undressed in a neighbouring apartment, you are ushered into an arched brick passage, about six feet high, and less than a yard wide. With the exception of such light as can find its way through a small pane of glass in the door from the outer passage, the place is quite dark. Following the guide, who is naked to the waist, you grope your way along this sulphurous and repulsive vault, and at the extreme end, at least ten yards from the entrance, are an arm-chair and foot-board, where you are requested to sit tranquilly down while the attendant retires and closes you up. It is very much like building up a nun alive in the walls of a convent, or Liston assisting at his own funeral. Bell there is none; and if a delicate invalid were to faint, there he must lie and stew, unless he had strength enough to rush along the passage. But I have no doubt it is efficacious. You take the sulphur-vapour into the lungs as well as through the pores; you breathe, and swallow, and live in brimstone. If it had not been for very shame, I should have bolted out of this living catacomb, such was the stifling oppression I experienced. Ever and anon, the attendant, opening the pane in the door, roared out his hopes that you were getting on well: something like inquiring of a goose in an oven if he was done enough; adding such consolatory jokes as 'C'est une espèce d'enfer, n'est ce pas?' At the end of twenty minutes, he walks into the oven with a burning hot sheet to wrap you in, and you retire to finish your cooking between two feather-beds. * * *

"There is a great deal of washing in Germany, but little cleaning. They are a slopping people. There is a perpetual slip-slop in their passages and about their doors. A wet cloth is thrown down and worked about with a broom; but for cleaning under a bed, or brushing the dust from beneath sofas, or even tables and chairs, it does not occur to them. The vehement filth of their most necessary apartments is powerfully apparent. It is for the most part mere show-cleaning. On Saturday evenings it is a service of danger to walk the streets, such is the sluicing of water-buckets and scouring the stones. But the greatest danger is from the handles of the window-brushes, which are long enough to wash the first-floor windows, and when suddenly and recklessly shortened by the busy servant-maids, it requires some management to avoid an awkward poke in the ribs. The German ladies look with contempt upon our English housewives, who are not perpetually fussing in the kitchen. Those who reside amongst them say they are adepts in the application of the screw.

"The Germans are cried up as an honest people: I should be the more inclined to accord this character to them, if their shop-keepers had not two prices; one for their own countrymen, and another, from 25 to 50 per cent higher, for their English visitors. It may be said that this is common in all countries; perhaps it may, but it is not honest. The highest and lowest classes are much the same every where: it is to the middle—the shopocracy—therefore, that we are to look for the national character, and I do not think that this class can take a higher ground than their neighbours. I have been robbed in London, more robbed in France, most robbed in Germany. The English robbery is plausible, cringing, pliant; you are 'shaved,' and you suspect it. The French robbery is a pleasant process, and perpetrated, as it usually is, by a pretty woman, we are ready to undergo it again. The German is a hard, civil, unyielding 'do.' You are half-imposed upon by their heavy frankness, and you yield the other half, rather than try the same thing in another shop. They are a heavy people. Heavy in their manners and their amusements—in their persons and their pipes—in their dinners and their jollifications. Drinking alone makes them gay, and then there is a coarseness in their cups. To see a German dancing is ridiculous; you are reminded of the old story, of one being discovered furiously jiggling upon a table by himself, and being questioned, answered, 'he was learning to be lively.' You are convinced that the lesson must have been thrown away. A German never talks politics with another German. They are absolutely without political liberty, and this, perhaps, makes them ashamed to broach the subject; but with foreigners they are not quite so reserved. I very much suspect that ten years will see a mighty change. I trust that the 'New generation,' amongst other changes, will change their shirts, and wash their heads; curtail their pipes; and eschew public expectation. It is a delightful country; and I know not which most to praise, the wines or the water: gratitude whispers the latter, for I AM CURED; but I took both freely, and of all kinds that came in my way. Nature has been, indeed, bountiful to this favoured people: she has given them the finest wines and the noblest river in Europe; and above all, provided them with baths which are the attraction of the world; as if

'To shew by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted them so much.'

Remarks, &c., on the Medical and Chemical Evidence against J. Tawell. By G. L. Strauss. Pp. 23. G. J. Palmer.

RARELY does any subject of a murderous nature attract public attention, but the desire for notoriety prompts many an obscure person to rush into print, either in newspaper-columns or pamphlets, in order to shew the extent of their talents, impeach the administration of the law, and expose the sheer and utter ignorance of witnesses, especially if they belong to the same profession as the writers. Mr. Strauss is one of the boldest of this class. He holds up the surgeons and chemists, Messrs. Champneys, Norblad, and Pickering, as altogether unacquainted with poisons; Mr. Cooper as but indifferently versed in chemistry, Baron Parke as an ignoramus, Mrs. Hart as a suicide, and Mr. Tawell as a perfectly innocent man, whose execution will be (quære have been) a legal murder!!! His confession, however, settles the value of these opinions!

The Ward of the Crown. A Historical Novel. By the Author of "Seymour of Sudely," &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

INCIDENTS connected with the wars of the rival Roses will always be sufficient, though the mine has been long and vigorously wrought, to furnish materials in a good hand for a historical romance. In the present instance, the author has created an ingenious, if not very original, plot, and wrought his historical figures into the tapestry in a smooth and pleasant manner. The era is that of Richard III. and Henry VII., commencing with the battle of Hexham, and terminating with the marriage of Henry and Elizabeth. The interwoven tale of love involves the average quantity of events in connexion with the description of the like in public affairs; and the *Ward of the Crown* may fairly be recommended as an agreeable tale.

The Old Forest Ranger. By Capt. Walter Campbell, of Skipness. 4to. Lond., Jeremiah How. WHEN the first edition of this entertaining work appeared, we bestowed our warm praise upon its tropical sports, so vividly delineated, and felt and described with so much spirit. With its attractions we are not at all surprised at its reaching a second edition; a circumstance not very common to works of its class, and therefore proclaiming its individual merits. We have only to add, that it is in every respect very handsomely got up—paper, printing, embellishments, and binding.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 6.—The Marquis of Northampton, president, in the chair. "On a new bleaching principle produced by the slow combustion of ether in atmospheric air, and by the rapid combustion of bodies in a jet of hydrogen gas," by C. F. Schönbein. The author, having observed that a peculiar principle, in many respects similar to chlorine, was developed during the slow combustion of phosphorus in the atmosphere, was led to inquire into the product of the slow combustion of the vapour of ether mixed with atmospheric air. He finds, that besides well-known compounds, such as aldehydic, formic, and acetic acids, there is evolved a principle hitherto unnoticed, which possesses oxidising and bleaching properties in an eminent degree. It decomposes indigo, iodide of potassium, and hydriodic acid, and also, though more slowly, bromide of potassium. When in contact with water, it converts iodine into iodic acid, and sulphurous into sulphuric acid, changes the yellow ferro-cyanide of potassium into the red,

and the white cyanide of iron into the blue; it transforms the salts of protoxide of iron into those of the peroxide; and it discharges the colours produced by sulphuret of lead. The author points out the similarity between the action of this substance, in these instances, and that of chlorine and of ozone. Analogous results were obtained from the combustion of a jet of hydrogen gas in atmospheric air, and even, under particular circumstances, from the flame of a common candle, and also from various other inflammable bodies when burning under certain conditions. The author is hence led to the conclusion, that this peculiar oxidising and bleaching principle is produced in all cases of rapid combustion taking place in atmospheric air, and that its production is therefore independent of the nature of the substance which is burnt.

Feb. 13.—*Αυρόφωτα*, No. I. "On a case of superficial colour presented by a homogeneous liquid internally colourless," by Sir John Herschel. The author observed that a solution of sulphate of quinine in tartaric acid, largely diluted, although perfectly transparent and colourless when held between the eye and the light, or a white object, yet exhibits in certain aspects, and under certain incidences of the light, an extremely vivid and beautiful celestial blue colour, apparently resulting from the action of the strata which the light first penetrates on entering the liquid; and which if not strictly superficial, at least exert their peculiar power of analysing the incident rays, and dispersing those producing the observed tint only through a very small depth within the medium. The thinnest film of the liquid seems quite as effective in producing this superficial colour as a considerable thickness.

Feb. 27th.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, V.P. in the chair. Read, "Additional remarks respecting the condensation of gases," by Dr. Faraday. The author, suspecting the presence of nitrogen in the nitrous oxide on which he had operated, repeated his experiments with this gas very carefully prepared from pure nitrate of ammonia; but the results still indicated the presence of a more volatile gas, mixed with another less volatile. He found that olefiant gas is readily soluble in strong alcohol, ether, oil of turpentine, and other bodies of the same kind; and that, like the former gas, it seems to be of a compound nature. His experiments confirm the prevalence of the law, that the force of vapour increases in a geometrical ratio for equal increments of heat, commencing at a given amount of pressure. The more volatile a body is, the more rapidly does the force of its vapour increase by an augmentation of temperature; the increase of elasticity being directly as the volatility of the substance. By further and more accurate investigations, a general law may be established for deducing from only a single observation of the force of any given vapour in contact with its fluid, its elasticity at any other temperature.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting was held on Saturday, when Lord Montagu as president, and a numerous council, was elected.

March 24th.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A paper by Mr. F. G. R. Neison was read, "On the laws of sickness and mortality in various trades and localities, indicated by the experience of benefit-societies." The data made use of by Mr. Neison was from two sources; the Friendly Societies of England, and the Friendly Societies of Scotland. The former consist of the quinquennial returns furnished to Govern-

ment, and the latter of a series of returns made in competition for prizes for the best filled-up schedules during the period of twelve years—from 1831 to 1842 inclusive. The form of the schedules, and the method of abstracting and converting them into life-tables, were minutely described, and the following are some of the most striking results. As a standard table of comparison, Mr. Neison calculated a table on the 2, 3, 4, and 5 reports of the Registrar-general for England and Wales, and the following are the results for decennial periods of life:

| Age. | Expectation of Life in England and Wales. | Age. | Expectation of Life in England and Wales. |
|------|---|------|---|
| 30 | 40-69 | 50 | 30-84 |
| 30 | 34-09 | 60 | 14-58 |
| 40 | 27-47 | 70 | 9-21 |

Numerous similar tabular statements were given. One point urgently insisted upon was, the influence of employments on the general mortality of large towns; and in order to sufficiently illustrate this, Mr. Neison's abstracts extended to upwards of 400 trades, and from peculiar combinations it appeared that at mature age the expectation of life differed in some classes by nearly 50 per cent.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical (anniversary meeting), 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soirée).
Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.; Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THE Gallery has been well attended throughout the holiday-week; and though there is very little of very high art, there are enough of pleasing productions to gratify the lovers of sight-seeing. There are 816 paintings and drawings, and 21 pieces of sculpture. For the present we ask our readers to accompany us in a glance round the principal room, and at the paintings most on a line with the eye.

No. 12. "Dead Game," J. J. Hill, is a very large and elaborated subject, with hares, partridges, pheasants, wild-duck, &c. &c., taken from a hamper and disposed in various lots. There is much inequality in the execution; and without the utmost finish such representations lose much of their value. The head of one hare, on the left hand, is a blemish of this kind, and injures the better parts.

23. "The Church of St. Maclou, Rouen," E. Hassell.—An interesting piece of church and street architecture, clearly painted and in good perspective.

26. "Portrait of C. N. Dennys, Esq." C. Baxter.—As able a portrait as has been seen in any exhibition for a long time. The head is admirably effective, and full of character—the pale features very expressive, and the whole tone of the canvass in the best taste.

34. "Wreck of a West Indiaman off Arran," J. Wilson, sen.—A striking scene of sea and sky and human dangers. There is much force in the *ensemble*, and a bold treatment of the atmosphere, which, though true, amounts to the poetical.

41. "Materials for a future Page." J. W. Allen.—A clever bit of the comic. The future page is "a lubberly boy" of the Sancho physiognomy; and it must also be confessed that the fashionable trio to whom he is introduced are no beauties nor fine examples of grace.

46. "The Holyday, or Granny in a rage." H. E. Dawe.—Another farce, a little caricatured. A misfortune and breakage at blind-man's-buff brings the beldame Granny, armed with a rod, among the culprit children; and the fellow escaping at the window seems destined to taste its smart.

55. "The Belle of the Village," J. Zeitter.—A blue-bell, painted with much freedom, and excellent effect of colour. But it belongs to the unfinished school, wherein loose dashes and patches are to be received as careful art.

67. "Hungarian Water-carrier." By the Same.—Is in the same style, but does not please us so much.

56. "Rebecca." F. Y. Hurlstone.—A fine academic and fresco-like female.

63. "The Attachment detected." T. Clater.—One of Mr. Clater's truthful and natural domestic scenes, on which the advantage of finish has been bestowed. We are not sure that the old head is in correct drawing; but the incident is well told.

68. "Podlar's Camp." W. Shayer.—A lively landscape, and enlivened by picturesque figures, quite congenial to its sunny character. It has much the manner of Gainsborough, and is an ornament to the Gallery.

75. "Naval Intelligence." H. J. Pidding.—An actual group of Greenwich blue-bottles reading the newspaper, and in the artist's well-known style. The individuality is complete, and the arrangement and expression unobjectionable.

86. "Above Bletchingley." J. W. Allen.—A landscape of considerable merit, but too uniformly pale-green, and the details too much made out.

101. "Applegarth, on the Swale." The same.—Is much more to our taste.

102. "Sand-gatherers." J. B. Pyne. A circular piece on the Yorkshire coast, and furnishing a key to the number (twelve) of varied and charming productions with which Mr. Pyne has adorned the exhibition. There is a brilliancy about them all, a distinctness without hardness, a transparency and yet solidity of effect, which marks them out to be admired as among the best performances of the year. See 125, on a larger scale, "The Vale of Neath," and a remarkable landscape.

109. "Smugglers packing a Cargo on the Coast of Cornwall." Another and one of the most animated and best of Mr. Zeitter's.

122. "An Arriera."—Another of Mr. Hurlstone's, in his peculiar style, which would not be the worse for more frequent changes, so as to relieve us from a certain degree of monotony and sameness. This is an Italian lute-boy, and a very agreeable work.

131. A gorgeous canvass, in his own style, by A. J. Woolmer, in which every effect of heightened colour is wrought at with a lavish hand.

145. "Cockenzie, Fife Coast." J. Wilson.—A very pretty landscape.

152. "Roman Draught-oxen." C. Josi.—Draught-oxen well drawn, and curious portraits of the picturesque animal.

171. "Vulcan and Hebe." J. Pidding.—After Landseer.

183. "The Gambler." Zeitter.—After Hurlstone.

192. "Sir Calidore." J. Tennant.—We fear we must say the attempt, and not the deed,

confounds the artist. He has not grasp for such a theme.

200. "Annette." J. P. Davis.—Annette is a very sweet and delightful girl; but her pet-bird is sadly darkened in his bright plumage, so as to be almost indistinct.

207. "A Coast-Scene." C. Baxter.—The fishermen are too much in action—too pictorial, and wanting repose. The urchin at the fire is far superior to the principal group; yet it is firmly painted, and does credit to the artist.

235. "Going to Market." H. M. Anthony.—Too minute.

240. "Sheep-washing." H. Hawkins.—A sad misrepresentation.

252. "A Summer-Evening." A. Clint.—A calm and rosy picture; very natural and grateful to the sense.

263. "A Locality in Venice"—(a scene in *Marino Faliero*). J. Holland.—With much of the effect of Canaletti, this is a very sterling painting, and deserves our warm commendation; and with its notice, we take our present leave of the Suffolk-street Gallery.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION. BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

OTHER pressing engagements have prevented us from attending the later general meetings of these excellent associations; but we have taken care to ascertain the progress they are making, and have much pleasure in communicating the result to our readers.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., the supporters of the institution met; Mr. Bevis E. Green, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. The report of the directors for the past year was received, from which we learn that continued prosperity attends their laudable exertions. Two aged widows, who, but for their husbands' provident care in joining it, would have been left destitute, are comfortably provided for. Thirteen persons, including three widows, have received temporary aids, after investigating their cases so as to proportion the assistance adequately to the want. The number of members has increased; so that there are now 278 life, 129 annual, and 48 honorary—in all, 455. No less a sum than 14,000*l.*, producing, with the annual subscriptions, nearly 800*l.* per annum, has been invested; and it is gratifying to us to remark, that the whole expenses during eight years, from the commencement of the undertaking, have been limited to 594*l.* 8*s.*, including advertisements, collectors' salaries, printing, and other items, rarely liquidated at so trifling a cost.

The affairs of the Retreat offer a like smiling and promising aspect. Mr. John Dickinson, with a liberality reminding us of the charitable benefactions of the good (the best!) old times, has given an eligible site of land, for the erection of comfortable dwellings for such of the members as require it, in addition to their allowance from the parent institution. This land is now the rightful property of the trustees chosen by and for the association; and several members of the committee have procured architectural plans and designs from architects friendly to the cause. Others are invited; and also farther contributions to accomplish this particular object as it ought to be done. Only proposed in 1843, the principal subscribed and the interest have reached the honourable sum of 1823*l.*

At the meeting we have referred to, Mr. C. Orme, the president, resigned that office, which he has graced by munificent donations, and

made productive by the influence of great personal exertion; and Mr. James Nisbet, another liberal and efficient supporter, was elected as his successor. In retiring, we ought to mention the reason assigned by Mr. Orme; which is one not unworthy the consideration of many officials, who like to enjoy the *dignitas* entirely with the *otium* of such situations, and leave their constituencies to shift for themselves. Not so the man whose life had been engaged in business: he found himself unable to attend the meetings of the directors, which he deemed it the duty of a President to do, and he withdrew from being their nominal head, at the same time that he expressed his resolve to take as deep an interest as ever in the success of the institution.

With such feelings cultivated on all sides, and by all concerned, from the president's chair to the seat of the humblest member, and with such generous help from the wealthier individuals who have joined their ranks, to benefit them, need we wonder that such admirable plans should flourish? On the contrary, we look with a certainty to their establishment on foundations which will set a noble example to every branch of trade within the wide commercial bounds of the British nation.

THE WOODY PAVEN; ITS EVELS AND REMEDIS.

To the Editor of the Littery Gay-Set.

Malecoach and Hosses, Smartings le Grand.

MR. EDITUR,—The Malecoach and Hosses will praps Cary your thoats to the Post Offis; and wot is Father, to the letters Orphan opened there, witch seems to Upset more Pepple than any thing sins the grate Postage Muvment by Rolling Hill. Befour that time I Openly wear her Majesty's Close, bein a Male Coachman; but I'm now a Lass driv to Bussing—and donut I feel it! No purkysites with Lunnun Busses as there was with Country Males—them Dear old Males, with purkysites as made em not only Males, but Fee-Males! But sins then, wat a Fallin Off, like Humty Dumty, I've Eggspeperienced! When I fust left the Coach, I used to try to joak and call myself a Male Contractor, cos I got so Thin. But sich wittlecisms I find a Waist off Fun when poakeel at yer-self.

Well, Mister Editor, wat I've been a tryin to say is this—that if your Conductur car make Rum for me inside, I shall be glad to Mix with yer Spirited Corntributurs; and wat I wish to Broach yu'll fine Below:—

Are you ever Druv over the Woody Pavem? Do you ever Ride over it?

"No! we'll be Hanged if you Ketch us at it," says you.

Well I has to do it all day long—much agin the likin of my hosses, which awlays Slide down and has to be Icted up reglar evry junney, weakday and sunday; while they seems to stick so many Oths into it, that it wood be Ruff enuff if any thing could take Hold on it. But Reelly it Staggers me that sich a Blind job and sich a Seerous matter to Look at shoold make se much Way as it does. It sirtly, has got its Foot in, but does it leave a Footin for us? No! it warnts an Nero to ventur on it; and Im shure even King Alicksander himself, if he warnt mortal Drunk, woodnt let his Buccellas Run over it. Irecklect I awlays said it woodnt do, and spoak the Centrements of my Mine to several Snafflish old Hossdealers, when the fust Bit was tried: but they sade I was a hignorunt yung Feller, as wood Nock Down evry thing, and that I Oat to Bridle my Foalish opinyuns—which only shoed their Bredin! For I still think, as "Layecorn" by Coltun igs-

presses it, that Little things awlays has Bean and Oat to be Food for Filly soffical creturs. Jest let any body look at the Woody Pavem now kivered with a sort of mud Pudden, and say wot has given Rice to it? Why fust and cheefly dirty Specklyation. Who shoold Spice the Blocks but a Jint Stock Company? and if there cums to be a Split in these Wooden Campny's of Barnets, Knites, &c., who can be Sirprised—or shoed the Cashheres "Cut their Wood," who wood be a Stoneished? Why even if they do go on Smuthely, its Plane that as Shares go Up Hosses cum Down—till in fack all the Streets of Lunnun becum one yoooge Horsliedown.

Now it's true there's several Campny's, and evry one has inwented the best Pavem; but I finds all the Wood Richarly bad, and much a Dickted to Floorin. There's one, for instuns as the animals is awlays a fallin on and a rubbin and Licken their noses over—it's proply called "the Oblick." There's another called "Count Lyeall's Patent," and sure enuf you may evry day Count the hosses Lye all over it. Then there's the "Stead Patent;" which I wood only observe, if Cristuns Laid Down upon it as often as hosses, it mite be named, stead of the Stead, the "Bedstead Patent." And last you will fine, spite off its Name, that the "Hockty-gone" aint gone Behind the others in any pertikler.

I may ear paws to remark, as I've often heerd of people have hosses as Never lays down—I should jest like to see em go over any of the above speciments!

Returnen to our Muckworms, as the French as it. Now if these Campny's do Stand (and hosses dont), what are they the heavydunces of—what but our desire for Lucksure? I doant go a stippel chasen arter larrin anxient istory, but still I know a little consarnin Gone-by stage-coachmen and other things what's Past; and I am shure I may say, without wishin to elevate my Paircentage, that all my Fourfathers druv over ruffer roads with smuther faces than falls to me and my Annimals. The ruff, round obble payment guv way to graynite blox, trimd by skwair and roole—even this Joleted some Heads; and by the nosh inventur it was Taken Up, Condemed, chopt into Chips, and then got groaned into Dirt; and then, as the fust Man was all so formed of Dust, this was called Make Adamising! And now we're on the Eve of another change—and a purty one 'tis! I allood to the Woody Pavem, when evry Rider and Driver is in constant jobbardy, Poor Sole, of going head over eels—"the Pitch of perfecshun in road-making" as the Sheerholders stile it. But as I saide twise befor, this all cums of our lav of Lucksure; and the Mortalist might trooly egscclaim, "Is it not the Highest Proof you can Distill into the young mind of the Vanity of our 'Wood-if-we-Cood' desires?" I shud say it is.

Well, then, Sins we are Gilty off losing respeek among all respeakable Stone marchants and many others by continnying in our Bad Ways, it is time summit was Dun for our Credit. The Oppysition aint confined to Poor Folks by No Means. Looking over some Old Times, I find Sir Peter Lawry Cuttin up the Wood Sharply, and shoeing that even hosses now doant like to get their Bread near the Munchin House. Nex I see a writer (as sines himself "One who lives in a Macadamised Street,"—hard words to cuppy!) has so much Mud about him, that he is obligated to add Mire the Wood. Nex Aldman Cupland (he does a large Chiny business near the Insolent Court in Poor to Gull Street, and so is awlays dubly Near a Smash)—he talks about the danger to his hosses and caridge, and

wont trust his own Mug upon it. In short its awlays a ketching it, and desarvedly so, for a Cording to one wery sightintific writer, the horrid Wood is a sort of roled out Madum Lafarge, sloely and sickirly pisinin all the inhappytants—by funnygous male area!

But one thoat has Struck me as nobbly else has Hit on (which I often finds the case, I beg to agnollidge). It was Reared in my basum by a grate Gardener—at lease one as made in his thyme a grate Noise—Mr. Loudun; in one of his wurks is the following igpression, witch I myself piged out at our "Littery Instytushun and Temprunts Athinnym." Mr. Loudun sais (I gives his own spellin—sich as it is!) "England is an envied land—London is a fascinating city. Who ever puts foot in it that does not wish to stay in it?" Now I say thats true; and depend upon it the woody pavem will become "Rooted to the Spot," and "Deeply and Inevitably Attached to it," as those Monkyfying Nuvvel Centre mentalists has it. This is a Deal to say on this Gardners hint, and as Fir as I need go into this part of the Wood, as I doant want to Trespass too much. But I beg Leaf to prosced to the best Branch of the subjec, and make my Bough and Break off.

Let me now then comb to the Mane pint. Can nobdy get over the obbjeshuns off the wood? We do almos evry thing nowdays—make the crooky Strate—the blind See—the voiceless Sing—the dum Speak—yet carnt make the wood Answer! That's strange—parson strange! Sartinly weve had many inventurs: one has a nut to scatter sand over it with a sort of large Nutmeg-grater under the Allspices of Marrow-bone westry; another has a Sweepin Machine; another some other Machination, and so on—every one thinkin himself a Collossus at Roads, and sposing he's made a Stride Toewards improvement. But let me ax, Is the Remedy to be found in the Road? Some of them proposed mite desarv the Gutter. I say, is the remedy to be found in the Road? I dout it; for I beleve we must (I mean the hosses) accommodate ourselfs to the Wood. A patten shoe was inwented; but at present only the inwentur seems to have put his Foot in it; yet depen upon it this is the way the difkilty (and the road too) is to be got Over by the hosses—and it behoofs one to think about it. Stone and Ion is both hard—Wood and Ion very difrent: Hard things do well enuff together—as my wife sais of sumbdys Head and the Bedpost. Will not Soft things do so too? I never axd her, but have wurked out that probelom for myself. Every genus makes one Diskivry in his Gine-rashun, and arter going Deeply into it, here is Mine! Yes! this is my Egg—and so I'll Set it up, as Cristofer Omnibus did, and shell out!

A Hoss-shew composed of Ion and Lether is the thing! The noshun struk me as I sot afore the fire tother night with my Jug of beer. "Mugniffiscent throat—thoat!" rored I. "What?" said my wife, startin. "Lether and Ion!" I igscamed, in a voice that nockt her all off a heap for a minnit; and then, takin up my Old Boots, witch I egpected at my head, "Why, you fool, Tom," says she, looking at the Heals, "why doant you talk Inglish, and say you wants Tips?" "Tips! I beleve I shall want Tips!—hansum Tips!—purty considerable Tips! from All the Campny's two, if my idears is realised! But you kno your sects wasnt intended to kno nuthin—and so I aint goin to tell you nuthin."

But, Mr. Editor, you belongs to Our sects, and we're proud of you too, for I've often heerd you called a Ornament to your sects—as if you was a hired Wig or a watchchane, tho you aint

nyther. I say you are one of Our sects, and so I prefer unbusinism to you.

Well then, take a Man as Nose the Conckave Shoe, and let him make one summit like it; only stead of being hollow, fill it in with Leather, and then stick this leather full of Sparables as the boys has in their boots—only these must be Large Hos-sparables, mad on purpose. Sew simple as it seems, with sich shoes on his feet no sensible hoss wood ever slide again, but leave all futur Slips to the raleroads. Ontil the Rest of Lunnun adobts the Quiet wood, of course the Sparables wood ware out rather fast, but they cood be easely supplide: for Busses, for instuns, each Cad must be Maid to Cary a hammer and sparables as well as a Baj. Mr. Wittle R. V. cood illoominate 'em on these pinta. These nails wood slitley cut up the face off the wood, jest as my boy Jacks do the carpet; and this is jest what wood be the benefit, as it wood always keep it Ruff—which howsmever is wot I dont wish to keep my Jack.

Here then's my Secerit, Look ye—and in Few Words two; for I've heerd say that all our Great Distovries always do lay in Nutshells (excep Cristofer Omnibuses, which, I spose, Americky being so very Big, was obligated to lay in a Egg). I've now only to Tell you a Hofer eye Aim at makin some folkes—and tis plane they Must Make Money if they Coin sides with Me. I perpose to go to the Seicety for Crooly to Animals and ax for a grunt—grant I mean—to carry out my iawenshun, off which I shall gif them this Speechification:—

“Plan for Treatin Hosses intirely like Cristuns—by Shoeing em with Lether and Sparables, by which they will at Last get that Footin on the Earth as is ownd they desary and oat to have; but which they have too often preyed for in Vein on their Bleeding knees not with standing. Its espekted they'll Jump at this new way of being Lethered, and we shall then hear no Moor Black joax about sliding skales, nor see pintless punstirs with debotched countenances rytin in eggstravagans on the pay for their jibs bout Street artifshal ise, the Hoss Polka, et Geenus Onknees!”

I expek this Strong Dose will have such Ef-fek on the working part of the Committy, that they'll soon oan how Bad their Roads are, and at ones set about Curing the Ills, and letting the publik Daley see the Valley of my Inven-shun Moutin into favour. If They wont Take it Up, I am sirtain, if I can only get some Sam to Carry it Out, or a Bill to bring it In, or Somebody to Speak to its merits, its shure to Answer; and I shall thus at last have the proud satisfaschun of seeing many a Stubborn man's Opinyons bring him At Length to the Block—the Campny's promoted from Keeping their Logs—Lunnun Streets all Kept in the Wood, and spite of O'Kennell prefurred to them in Cork, or even to the Bully Yards of Paris.

Still I kno there maybe in this Broad world sum ½ duzen Narrer minded Quixzin Peepel like my Cross Ireish Oslar, who sais all this will appeer to the Mass Nunsensical and Monk-horsinish; but tho I canot Demon strate its Impportans to Babbies and others in lick Suckemstances, I am sure yur Groan Sighing-tifick Reeder's will not Blow cold Breth on it, but at Wons Lose no time in prophetin by the sugestins of Yours Greatfooly

WILL DRIVER.

NOT A BEAN—*Fib the 28th.* Sum time arter writin the abuv Notes I Chantsed to Meat off a “Spektatur,” and its slices of Peel and spicy bits for Dan's Irish Stew I licked pritty well. But I cant say so much for this Great Reformer's hard Knox by sum writer with the

Head of “Wood and Wood Knot,”—which I Saw Thro at ones. He funnily cumplained in a choke that we dont swallow the plan of “Mr Litch Ritchie,” to make the Wood Pitchie and Grittie as they do in Pitterbug—witch cracks of flagrant noncens to me. “A thin Coat of Pitch and Grit” he says is all it wants! I dont blam it for Wantin it in Cold Weather, but how Long would it keep this Coat to its Back prey? Not a day!—look at it nex mournin and you wood fine it but a Waste coat. But jest take the Wood as it is, and

“Trot a hos over it, Frend Litch,
And yule be sirtain of yure Pitch;
While your old face, damaged and spilt,
Gits a noseshun of the sarvis of Grit!”
(Old Play.)

Seerously, this Litch Ritchie Pitchie Grittie remdy has no Ground to stand on. What might Do for Roosia woodnt Do for Us—as Bony thoat long sins. The traffik in the Roosian streets aint nuthin to ours—at Lease I'm Let to bleeve so by my “Perryqueer and Roosian Bares Greece Perweigher”—indeed I egsepk the traffik is much grater in Crossing their moor Wild and Savage parts kitchen all them Skinny Bares for the Barbers. If Lunnun streets, I may reapiit, were no mower cut up than Pittersbug ones, I've no dout We English cood do well enuf with the Wood jest as it is; but with Greecy Roosians I admit its wery difrent—they live upon ile, and must be natrally Sliply and require a little Grit to git along any where—in fack they must be a good deal lik Eels, and maybe feel as much at home in Sand.

But if Pitch and Grit would do for Us and our streets, why we shud in coarse adop them fine Cments calld “Seashell Asfaults” and “Clayridge's (stinking) Bittermen,” and have No Wood at all; but Mr Pitchie Ritchie shurely knos this has been tried, and that these foring Sirfaces, lik the foring She faces, wont stand no time agin our wear and tear? If he dont kno it, let him Axe how they have been Chopt up in Oxford Street. I think howsmever I neednt say more on Mr Litch Ritchie's pour noseshun that Pitch and Grit can put a stop to Pitch and Toss on the Woody Paven. But I may add,—

Pea S. for the Winter.—I have sade littel off “the streets in winter”—not as I wood Gloss over the Ice, but be Caws I wont Crow too much of my oan plan—which howsmever is the very Best adabted for Slite Freezin. For “hard frosts” nuthin can be better than the hold way of “ruffin” the hosses, witch Evry One does for Hisself be it obsarved. This indeed is the grate principel of my plan. Hosses is out long but Rarely (excep when Overdone); and Jack, Bill, or Tom, Lukes arter em evry day. If therefour you adap the Hosshew to the Rode, (stead of the Rode to the Shew,) Evry Man as kips a annimal helps to make the rode suit him; wareas if you Throw the Remdy in the Rode, you must truss to the mercy of Scavengers or Sumbdy Noddy knos; and pritty orphan fine your Pet Mare cant git on till these wurthies plesse to be as purlike as them comick Burgers were to the Quin, and put summut under the animals feet for her to walk upon. But as this Last Feetur brings me to the Foot of my paper, I Truss it and the other egstrawdney and Lofty pints be fourinhand hays suffisiently exhorseted the Subjek. I paw for a Reply.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The routine of opera and ballet was varied here on Thursday, by the production, for the first time in this country, of *Le Desert*, by Felicien David, a French com-

poser, who has lately risen from comparative obacurity to a very important position in the musical world of Paris, where his works are highly applauded. The splendid band and chorus of the theatre were increased to 200 performers for the occasion. The composer's idea of *Le Desert* occurred to him while travelling over the sacred plains of Palestine; by the music he attempts to describe the enchanting scenes of Eastern clime. The composition, which is called a descriptive *Symphonie Ode Orientale*, consists of three parts:—1. The Entrance to the Desert; 2. Night; 3. Sunrise. The music begins pianissimo, when a very grave gentleman enters, in front of the orchestra, and recites a few lines, in French, descriptive of the desert; then the distant sound of the hymn to Allah arises and swells gradually to the grand chorus; the arrival of a caravan is then intimated by a march-movement; the tempest rages—the march stops, and gradually the music drops to a smooth piano movement, to represent a calm; the caravan proceeds with the first march-music, imitating the tramp of men and horses. Night comes on, of which we are reminded by the recitative and a charming air by Moriani, followed by the evening dance and jocund chorus, in praise of “the liberty of the desert.” Moriani then sings a very pretty air, called “Reverie,” which is gently taken up by the chorus, and ends diminuendo. This is a very pleasing and clever composition; the chorus blending with the air, the swell becoming piano, and ending with the subject, repeated very quickly by the violoncelli and double-basses. *Sleep* is then represented by a sostenuto of some length on the same note. Next comes the “Sunrise,” pictured to the ear by a piano tremoloto of the violins in unison, swelling at length to the full power of the whole orchestra; the caravan starts again with the march-movement and grand chorus; silence, represented by a sostenuto piano, follows, broken suddenly by the chorus to Allah, when the performance ends. We cannot place this composition in the highest rank as a scientific work; the effects are strikingly clever, and the melodies very pleasing; but in harmony and counterpoint there is something to be desired. The author mistakes repetition of the subject by parts of the orchestra, while other parts are playing mere accompaniment, for those beautiful combinations of parts which, in the treatment of the great masters, are the elements of grandeur. M. David has attempted some most extraordinary effects in the use of a number of one kind of instruments: during the last season in Paris, he composed a piece for eighty pianofortes, which was performed in the circus of the Champs Elysées before an immense crowd of people. The performances on the present occasion were much and generally applauded; though some disapprobation was expressed at a composition played previously to the great work.

The number of new-Easter pieces would induce a very curt summary, even if they were of a kind to court the details of critical remark. But they belong to the genus *Temporary*, and, with very little exception, have so strong a family-likeness, that we might almost say of them, *ex uno disce omnes*. If we glance over the various theatres, indeed, it looks as if nearly every drama was produced out of similar materials, if not out of the same factory and by the same manufacturers. Parody, and burlesque, and pun, are the staple; facetiousness, travesty, and allusions to passing circumstances, the trimming.

At *Drury Lane*, Robert Macaire has been turned into a ballet, and the Tom-and-Jerry school of Paris is cleverly represented by the dancing of Mlle. Polin and M. Gasperini.

At the Haymarket Mr. Planché has aimed, and successfully aimed, at a higher flight in the *Golden Fleece*, a very superior burlesque on the *Medea* of Euripides, to which he has added (founding himself no doubt on Apollodorus, Pindar, Musæus, Ibycus, Simonides, Pausanias, and other classic authorities), with particular effect, Jason in Colchis. Tà 'Apyovavriúv, with a spice of drollery out of the chorus in *Antigone*, was never modernised for the stage with more deserved success; and it will improve the more, the more the united stories and their humours are understood by the million. As it is, Vestris's *Médée*, P. Horton's 'Idæus, Bland's double royalties in *Colchis* and *Corinth*, and C. Mathews' individual *Chorus*, with good scenery, carry all before them, and hearty laughter rewards their efforts and the author's Grecian whim.

At the Princess's there is a travestie of *Timour the Tartar*, with a good many political squibs, and some vulgarities (the latter, we hope, removed since the first night), which smack of the characteristics of the day, to which we have alluded; and which are recognisable in a considerable portion of the periodical press.

At the Lyceum, the *Recruiting Officer* was cashiered into three acts, and a Miss Villars from York made a promising *début* in *Sylvia*. A novelty called the *Lowther Arcade* seemed to be ushered prematurely into existence; but *Whittington and his Cat*, an extravaganza, made amends for all, and brought up the holiday-entertainments with a wet sail. Mrs. Keeley is a great future *Lord Mayor*, and her *Cat* a pattern for pussysism. The piece is written by Mr. Taylor, from whose talent the stage has much to expect.

At the Adelphi, *St. George and the Dragon* has furnished matter for another burlesque, which runs with great applause. Paul Bedford is a unique Dragon and finless fish of the present times and elements; and, ably seconded by his ludicrous *confère* Wright, Miss Woolgar, Selby, and others, he bids fair to sweep a long tail (of audiences) after him for many a night.

At *Sadler's Wells*, Shakspeare still attracts the many, and proves the true standard of English taste, notwithstanding every effort to corrupt it.

At the Surrey, Mr. E. Stirling has dramatised the Suffolk tale of *Margaret Catchpole* with striking effect; and Mrs. R. Horner displays her touching powers as the heroine.

At the Victoria, the same theme has been taken up, Miss Vincent the *Margaret*; but the whole affair is wretchedly cast.

At the Olympic, a new summer dynasty reigns; and Mr. Marble, in an Indian character called the *Cock of the Wilderness*, gives remarkable imitations of the red race. [On Wednesday, by the by, Mr. Forrest pursued a nearly similar course in a very long five-act drama, called *Metadora*; which was exceedingly tedious and stupid where his impersonation was off the scene.] The Seven Champions of Christendom were twisted into the Olympic burlesque.

At *Asley's*, the *Maid of Saragossa* reigned supreme, to the refreshment of youth, and the regeneration of olden memories for the more mature. It is a new grand military spectacle, worthy of Mr. Batty's enterprise; and the tableau from Wilkie's painting is very effective. The scenery, machinery, and properties are produced with the usual profusion; and in the circle shone Mr. and Made. Dumas, two graceful and dauntless equestrians.

At the City of London, there was another *Whittington*; but he was of a rather coarse description.

There are, we believe, six, eight, or a dozen other theatres to visit; but one cannot be every where at once like a bird.

Cosmo and Dio-ramas have also opened in the Easter-week; to which, with other spectacles, we shall pay our respects next Saturday.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FACTORY CHILDREN.

HEAR ye, who kindly pity feel,
The factory children's loud appeal!
With pallid cheek and sunken eye,
O'erwearied, still their tasks they ply.
Ah, sad! o'er childhood's opening flower
The tempest-clouds so early lower,
And east the blight of toil and gloom
Where joy and hope should gaily bloom.

The rosy morn, with dewy wings,
For them renewed exertion brings;
The shade of evening finds them still
Fatigued within the tedious mill.
Immortal beings, formed to rise
In thought beyond the spangled skies;
They're doomed to toil the livelong day,—
Then sink in premature decay.

When, bursting from the mortal clay,
Th' undying spirits pass away,
Oh! let them not depart unblest,
By with'ring ignorance deprest;
With souls unclad, with minds untaught,
(How fearful is the awful thought!)
To stand before His judgment throne,
Who was to them a "God unknown."

Ye say—the church, the schools, invite,
To guide their youthful ways aright;
But crushed beneath Oppression's sway,
How can they Duty's voice obey?
The weary frames require repose,
The Sabbath-day alone bestows,—
Oh, chided be each cold delay,
Life's precious streamlet ebbs away!
Then pity grant, that all may feel
The factory children's sad appeal;
'Tis sounded in the senate's ear,
By one whose virtues all revere;
The champion of the helpless throng,
The friend of all who suffer wrong,
What, though awhile his efforts fail,
The cause of mercy *must* prevail!

ROSA.

VARIETIES.

Alexander Blackwood, Esq.—On the morning of the 21st, at his residence in Edinburgh, died Alexander Blackwood, the eldest son of the late William Blackwood, and at the early age of thirty-nine years. This worthy and much-esteemed individual had followed in the footsteps of his father, to whom the literature of Scotland was so deeply indebted; and continued, in conjunction with his family, to conduct a successful course of publication, honourable to them, and justly popular throughout the world. As a Scotsman, and intimately connected with the literary history of the country—as a citizen of her capital, whose operations and influence were of much value in the general scale—Mr. Alexander Blackwood's loss is a public misfortune; and as a private person, whose amiable and excellent qualities endeared him to all who knew him, it is deeply deplored by a very wide circle of friends, who were most attached to him during the brief space of a life so suddenly and prematurely closed.

M. Etienne, the author of many works of considerable celebrity, died last week in Paris at an advanced age.

Mrs. Harriet Downing, the writer of many anonymous and clever contributions which have appeared in various periodicals (of which we may mention the "Tales of a Weekly Nurse"), as well as acknowledged productions in prose and verse, all displaying talent of no mean order, died last week at Chipping Norton.

Miss Helen Faucit.—A number of gentlemen,

chiefly connected with the fine arts in Dublin, have presented Miss. H. Faucit with a large fibula or brooch, of ancient pattern and Irish gold, in testimony of their admiration of her talents and character.

The Fountains in Trafalgar Square began to play a little on Wednesday; being the first of their holidays.

French Exhibition.—The annual exhibition of French art opened last Saturday in the Louvre, and between two and three thousand works were accepted; and nearly as many, it is stated, rejected either for want of room, or merit, or interest.

H.B. Caricatures.—A capital single figure, Sir R. Peel in modern garb as Hercules, and supported by a human lion's skin, lettered "Income Tax," is most laughable in expression. "Catching a Poacher," Col. Sibthorpe arresting Mr. Bright, is another superb hit at the sporting political affray now in Parliament. The Colonel and his dog are inimitable; and the third of this happy trio embodies the D'Israeli taunt at the Premier for running off with their clothes whilst the Whigs were bathing. The little Whigs in the water is very funny.

A New Dodge.—Some Cork poetaster having written a book which nobody would notice, has sounded his own trumpet to a queer tune, as the following note implies:—

"To the Editor of the Cork Examiner.

"17 Upper Baker-st., Portman Square,
London, March 21, 1843.

"Sir,—I have just seen in your columns, copied from the *Shropshire Conservative*, a 'rhyming review' of a book I never saw or heard of.

"The thimble-rig practice of puffing a book through the medium of forgery, however disgraceful, I should not notice, were the unknown thing only bedaubed with fulsome flattery; but when men of 'mark and likelihood' are attacked, I am obliged, in defence of my own judgment and character, to disavow the dog-grel and expose the paltry puffery.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"SAMUEL LOVER."

Mesmerism is becoming quite a trade—for we cannot call it a profession. Itinerant lecturers contrive to live upon it; for though the admission-fees are small, popular curiosity is large, and the pence soon mount to pounds. Persons who have been detected in confederacies continue their barefaced tricks; and we have even improved so far as to have female and male proficientes imported from the continent—families of them—who are not only blessed with *clairvoyance* themselves, but can with a wink restore the blind to sight. But these are dear affairs, and the lady, or Fräulein, practitioner exacts pounds sterling for her attendance and advice. No happier combination of roguery and credulity could be imagined, and *Bull* is expected to be *Ass* enough to bite this thistle. Well might we then say as the Scotchman did of the animal's long ears, "Heh! soft's your Horns!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Rodwell, the well-known composer, and author of "Teddy the Tiler," &c., is, we learn, about to exhibit his powers as a novelist.

Mr. George Yates is about to publish a Remonstrance, addressed to the female Nobility and Gentry, on a subject connected with the education, accomplishments, and personal tendance of the junior branches of our aristocracy.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The *Mabinogion*: Ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with a Translation, &c. by Lady C. Guest, Part VI., royal 8vo, 8s.—The Structure of the Lungs, exemplifying the Wisdom and Goodness of God: a Prize Essay, by J.

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The popular comic actor, M. Ravel (of the Theatre du Palais Royal), will have the honour of making his first appearance in this country on Monday, April 14, and will perform on that evening in a new and highly popular comic vaudeville, entitled *l'Etourneau*.

Monsieur Regnier (of the Theatre Francaise), will also make his first appearance in this country at the end of April, and will perform with Mademoiselle Fleury in the popular plays of *Le Mari à la Campagne*, *Les Fausse Confidences*, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *Tartuffe*, *Le Barbier de Seville*, *Le Jeu de l'Amour*, *Le Mariage d'Argent*, &c. &c. &c.

At the end of May, the favourite actor, Monsieur Achard (who is engaged for a few nights only), will appear in several new vaudevilles, and in the occasional performance of some pieces already deservedly popular.

The season will terminate by the engagement of the celebrated comic actor, Monsieur Arnal (of the Theatre du Vaudeville), who will have the honour of making his first appearance at this theatre; and during whose engagement the following popular plays, as originally performed by Monsieur Arnal, will be produced: *l'Homme Blanc*, *l'Homme Noir*, *Les Gens Sages*, *Franc Minuit*, *Les Cabinets Particuliers*, *Renan de Caen*, *Le Poltron*, *Le Marseillais du Crime*, *Le Bal du Grand Monde*, &c. &c. &c.

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